

Flight

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Summary: One-shot about Hiccup and the wonder of night flying. I'm envisioning it post-movie, but there aren't any spoilers really. For my little contest, day 6: Fantasy, and this lovely fandom I've finally written for.

Flight

There's nothing like flying, Hiccup thinks.

Nothing compares to the feel of the wind in your face. Even as it stings your eyes, freezes your cheeks, and steals your breath—or perhaps it isn't 'even', but 'because'—because the wind does all these things, you just can't help but grin wide enough to split your face, and sometimes you can't help shouting with exhilaration.

And no matter how wonderful flying is, it only gets better when you think about how you're flying.

Dragons.

Such a beautiful, strange word—so many connotations and emotions attached to the little word 'dragons'. Near mythical, the mysterious creatures had been separated from the Vikings for so long. Such a treasure they had almost missed—

Oh, flying.

Flying on dragons.

Such a thing had only been a dream.

And sometimes, Hiccup thinks as he raises his face to the starlight, sometimes it still feels like a dream.

A good dream.

He smiles and leans forward over Toothless' neck.

"Let's see what you've got," he whispers.

Toothless' ears twitch and his muscles tense. Hiccup adjusts his grip as the Night Fury tucks in his wings and leans forward. Hiccup sees the stars wheel above his head, watches them flash past his eyes, sees the ocean swing into view, far below.

He catches his breath as they fall towards the sparkling sea, and he thinks that there is nothing quite like flying.

End
file.